

and fell a weeping most pitiously, wringing his hands, and making loud lamentations; ah! poor boy, thou do'st not know what fate is approaching thee.



Here he sat 'till grief at last join'd with fatigue, drew him insensibly to sleep, for though he had lost his friend, he had not lost his innocence, and nature tir'd out with

bring that necessary refreshment where guilt is not in the way: while he was thus sitting asleep, the watch and a whole posse of people came by in search after pickpockets, and seeing him there, laid hold of him, shook him, and wak'd him, when enquiring who he was and what he did there, he told them his misfortune in loosing his friend, but the boisterous watchman would not give ear to any thing he said, but swore he was one of the pickpockets, that he knew him to be an old offender, and without more to do drag'd him away to the watch-house, before the constable of the night: now the Reader should be inform'd, that at Tom's departure, Mrs. Smith, who knew he was not to return, tho' his sister Margery did not, had put a silk handkerchief about his neck for fear he should catch cold; this he had on now when he was brought into the watch-house, which the constable seizing

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hold.